

MARVEL

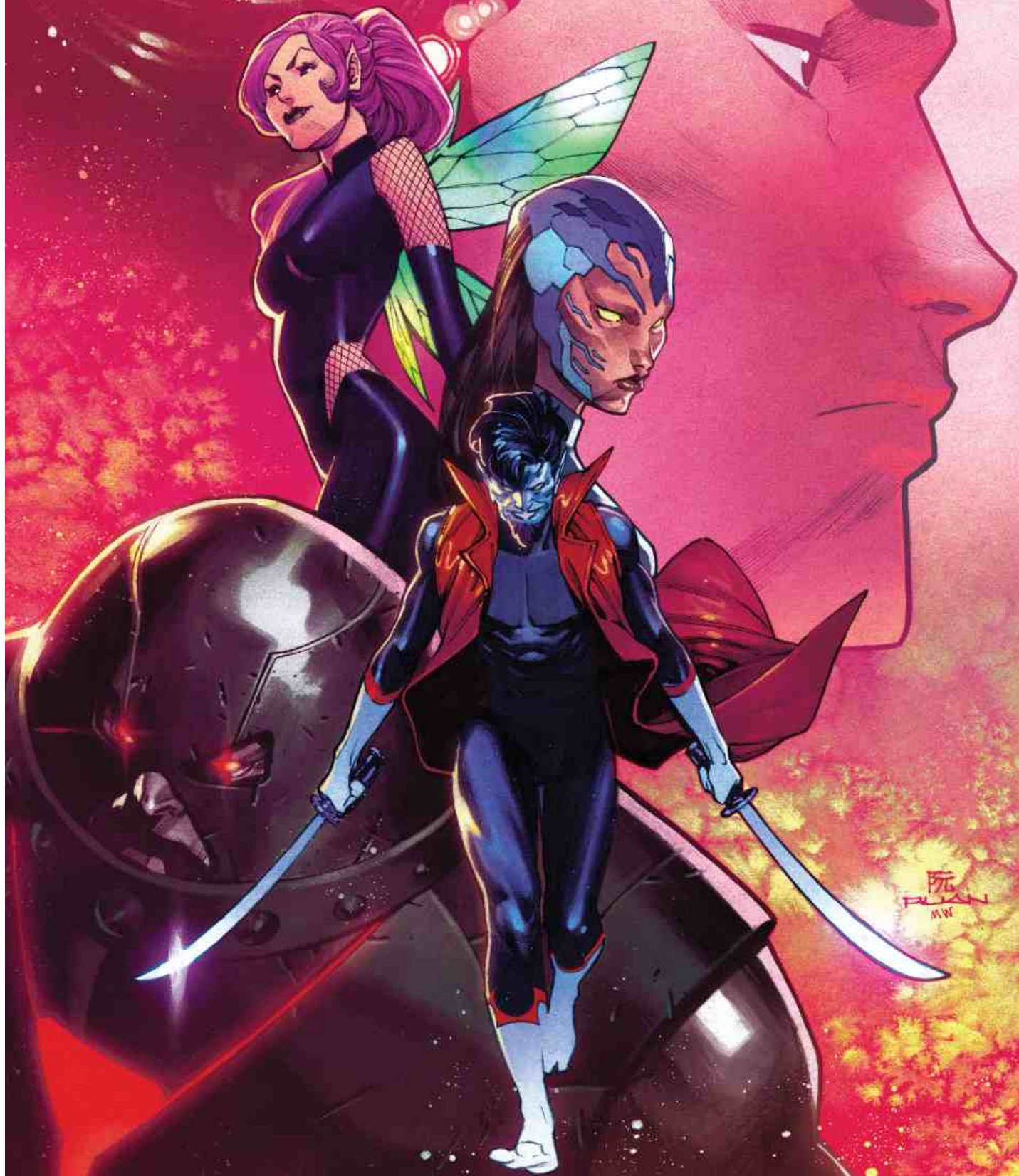
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001

SPURRIER
BAZALDUA
BLEE

LEGION OF X



MARVEL
COMICS



1
MAR

APPROVED
BY THE
MARVEL
COMICS
MCC

SILVER SURFER REBIRTH

1ST ISSUE
OF A
NEW
COSMIC SAGA!



MARVEL

RON MARZ
RON LIM
DON HO
ISRAEL SILVA



It's you.

My god, it's really you. They finally brought you back...

Och...my love-- the things you've seen for the first time today! It's overwhelming, no?

Krakoa, a mutant nation... Arakko, a mutant world...

And now you're here. I can feel you. Here in my head...



...in the Altar. A mutant dimension.

Ach, I'm exaggerating. It's just a wee bubble reality in my psyche, but--still. A sanctuary. A safe place.

Music, stories, healing. Part holodeck, part dream. The Altar's whatever mutants need it to be.



See that? Heh. That's the Station. That's what Nightcrawler needed it to be. Here--let's listen in...

My friends--guten morgen!

The Doctor has brewed his special coffee and one of the cronut trees ripened overnight, so--load up and settle down, ja?

THE PAST...

STATUS
REPORT.

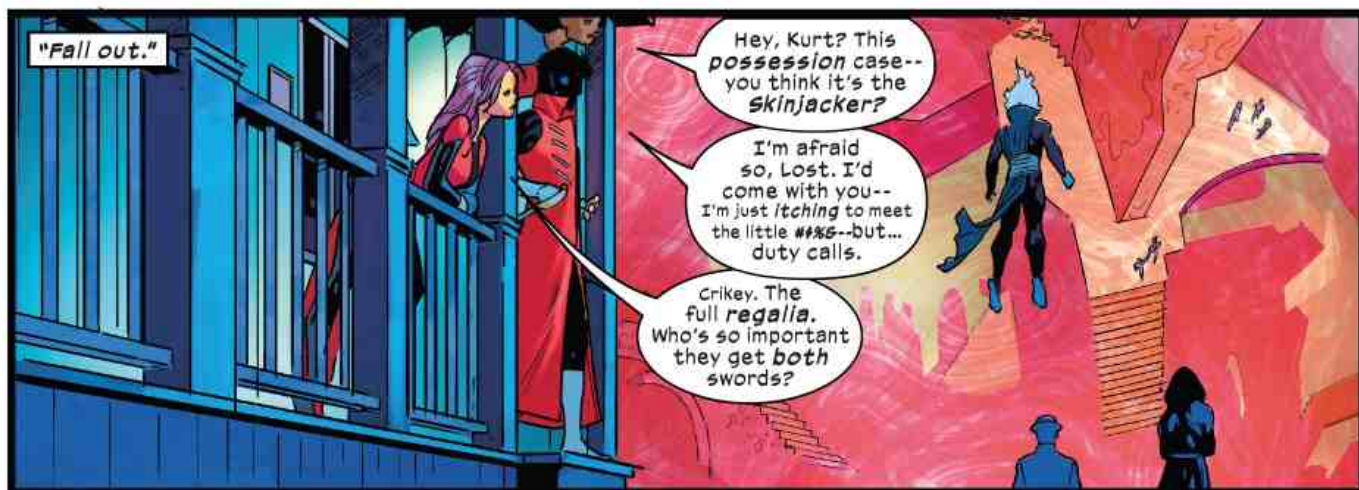
STILL DRAWING US
CLOSER, CAPTAIN.
ENGINE POWER
IS APPROACHING
TEN PERCENT,
AND DIMINISHING
RAPIDLY.

EVEN IF WE
SOMEHOW GOT
ENGINES BACK,
I'M NOT SURE
WE COULD
OVERCOME
INERTIA.

THANK YOU,
LIEUTENANT.

BARRING A
MIRACLE, THIS
JUST BECAME
A ONE-WAY
MISSION.

SENT
OUT HERE TO
INVESTIGATE
THE DAMN
THING...



EDGE OF KREE
EMPIRE SPACE.

KREE DESTROYER
KARR-DEV.

...AND
NOW THIS BLACK
HOLE IS GOING TO
BE THE DEATH
OF US.

I RESPECT
ALL OF YOU
ENOUGH TO TELL
YOU THE TRUTH.
WE CANNOT FREE
THE SHIP FROM
THE HOLE'S
GRAVITATIONAL
PULL.

WE ARE
FINALLY FACED
WITH A BATTLE
THAT CANNOT
BE WON.

WE WILL
NOT SURVIVE
THIS.

I URGE
EACH OF
YOU TO MAKE
YOUR PEACE
IN WHATEVER
WAY YOU
CHOOSE.

IT HAS
BEEN AN HONOR
AND A PRIVILEGE
TO SERVE WITH
YOU. GLORY TO
THE EMPIRE.

RRRRMMMMBBLLLL

CAPTAIN?!

WHAT JUST
HAPPENED?

CAPTAIN, WE'RE
DECELERATING!

SOMETHING
IS SLOWING
US DOWN...

HOW IS
THAT EVEN
POSSIBLE?!

IT SHOULDN'T
BE! WE'RE IN THE
GRAVITATIONAL
WELL!

Ach. Only the Queen of the Solar system.

Hm. Big things afoot, eh? Don't worry--the Legion can handle it, whatever it is.

BAMF

I've waited long enough, love. I'm comin' to find you. Here, see? There's a shortcut through the Qortex Complex.

you remember this, I bet? It's where I stash all the extra minds my brain makes. Each one its own personality... its own power...

Heh. These buggers used to be rowdy--look at 'em now.

I'm at peace, love. That's the key. Helpin' folks, giving them a place to make their own miracles. To light their own sparks.

And now you. You've come back to make it perfect.

Ah. I see you found the beach.

See, I built the Altar to be a rational space, but--it's basically an island on the astral plane. So I left a wee opening where--

I forgot how much you prattle when you're nervous. Sorry. Ha.

Stop talking, David. yes. Please?

"...AND IT APPEARS
TO BE A MAN!"

COME
ON, COME
ON...

...STOP
ALREADY.

CAPTAIN,
SHIP'S ARCHIVE
HAS IDENTIFIED HIM
AS *GENIS-VELL*,
SON OF CAPTAIN
MAR-VELL...

...CURRENTLY
KNOWN BY THE
NAME *LEGACY*.

HE
INHERITED MANY
OF HIS FATHER'S
ABILITIES...

...FLIGHT,
STRENGTH, SPEED,
ENERGY CASTING,
COSMIC AWARENESS.
HE WIELDS THE
NEGA-BANDS.







Ruth...
Blindfold...
you're--you're
intangible... I built
this place so physical
matter can
exist here.

Where's
your
body?

Oh, I
left it in the
Arbor Magna. yes, I
decided I don't
want it.



Hope and the others, sorry, wh-when
they *resurrected me...* they said
precogs have only *just*
been permitted.

Aye, it's
this whole *thing*.
Mystique and Destiny,
my *dad* bein'
all--y'know--
himself--

I told them
precognition
never brought me
anything but
pain.



Without my
body, *sorry, sorry...*
all those tortured
brain cells, threading
futures... *without*
it, I can look
outwards.

Into *now*.
Into a *billion*
nows. Yes.

Here, I can
be a watchman
on the shoreline of
dreams--this...this
ocean of ideas,
connecting every
sentient mind.

And I
have seen...*oh--*
such *wonders*, David.



And such
shadows.

TO SAVE HIS PLANET, NORRIN RADD SURRENDERED HIS FREEDOM TO BECOME HEARLD TO THE WORLD-DEVOURING GALACTUS. COATED WITH GLACTIC GLAE, GIVEN A SURFBOARD OBEYING HIS MENTAL COMMANDS, AND GRANTED THE POWER COSMIC, HE NOW SOARS THE UNIVERSE A SHINING SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS! MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS . . . THE SILVER SURFER!

MARVEL

ALLAY
YOUR FEARS,
GENIS-VELL.

THE
SILVER
SURFER
COMES TO
YOUR AID.



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SILVER SURFER CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

LEGION OF X

THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

Mutantkind has a new home where resurrection is routine and resources are plentiful. KRAKOA is a mutant paradise.

But its leaders are embroiled in the endless squabbles of petty politics, and its heroes are busy facing threats from beyond its shores. Who will save Krakoa from itself?

How do you stop a population of super-powered individuals from self-destructing? How do you prevent the strongest from dominating the weakest?

How do you keep the peace in a land where Anything Goes...?

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has built an HQ in THE ALTAR: a bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION.

There he's assembled his team of volunteers, oddballs and rejects.



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[PIXIE]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[LEGION]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]



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SO...WHAT,
YOU JUST
HAPPENED TO
BE PASSING
BY?

VERY LITTLE
IS UNKNOWN
TO MY COSMIC
SENSES.

COSMIC SENSES,
RIGHT. IT'D BE REALLY
GOOD IF YOUR COSMIC
SENSES HAD SOME IDEAS
TO KEEP US FROM
SWIRLING DOWN THIS
COSMIC DRAIN.



IT'S TRULY
THE SILVER
SURFER. I NEVER
IMAGINED I'D
BEHOLD HIM...



GET TO A
SAFE DISTANCE,
GENIS-VELL.



ONLY HAVE
TO TELL ME
ONCE.

I WIELD
THE POWER
COSMIC...



[leg. NC. law]
[mut]

THE THREE LAWS OF KRAKOA*

*with interpretive annotations for Legionary guidance. [K.Wagner__]

+

MAKE MORE MUTANTS

- We cannot and must not enforce a doctrine of compulsory reproduction.
- The FIVE are resurrecting dead mutants on an industrial scale -- righting the genocides of the past. With the benefit of thought and counsel, I believe the most intelligent application of this law is to leave them to it.

+

MURDER NO MAN

- Or woman, or any other. Obviously.
- This law is necessarily reductive to cover a broad base. Politically, it prevents us from provoking non-mutant actors. Morally, it prevents us from sinking to their level.
- I prefer to take a broad ethical interpretation: Kill no one who lacks recourse to resurrection. (And even if they do? Try not to. Looking at you, Doctor Nemesis.)
- When a killing is suspected, we must examine intent before we condemn.
- We must see to it that death does not lose meaning, lest life follow suit.

+

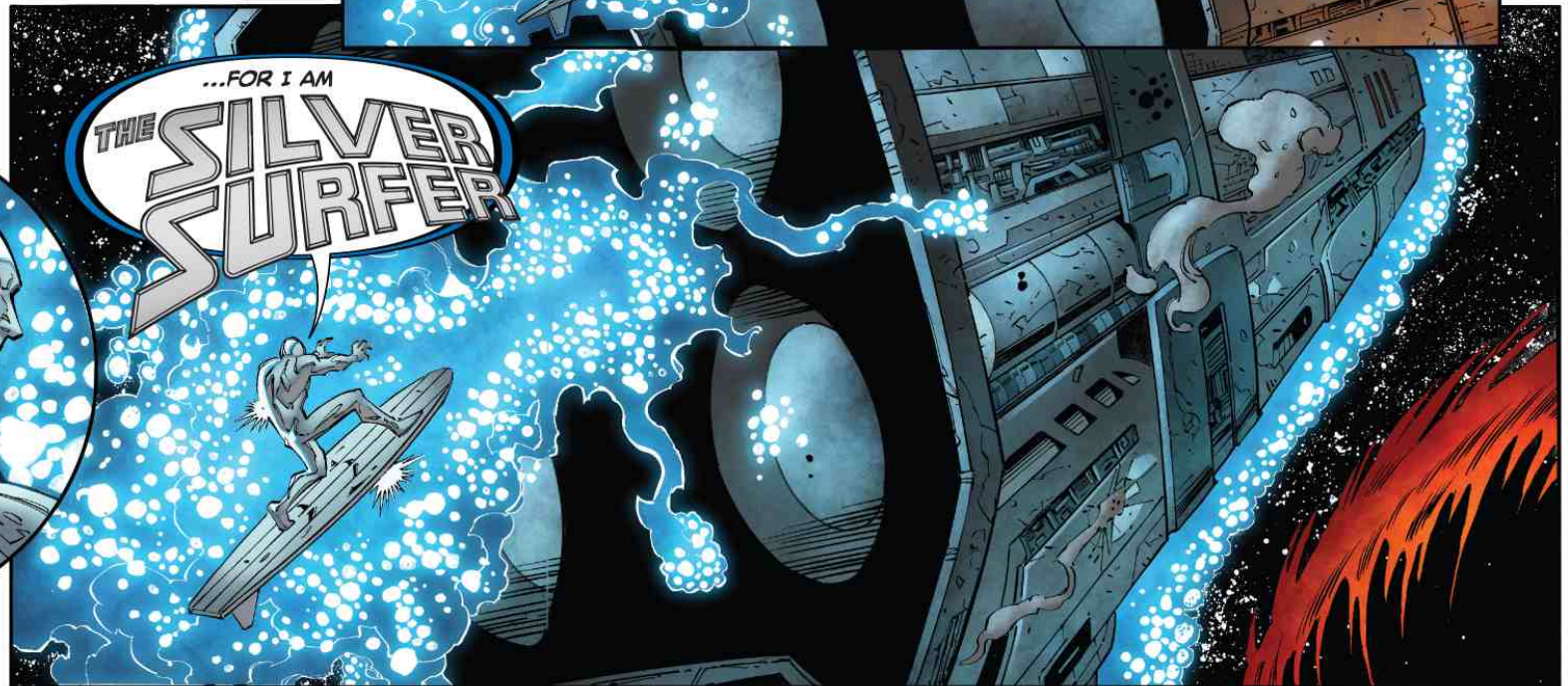
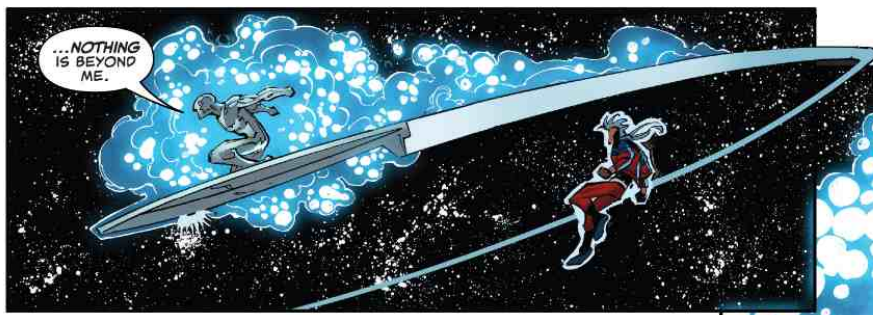
RESPECT THIS SACRED LAND

- The Sacred Land is not a place. The Sacred Land is a polity.
- The Sacred Land is mutantkind.
- To diminish or harm any mutant without consent -- in body or mind -- is to disrespect this Sacred Land.
- In all matters -- emotional, physical, sexual and spiritual -- as long as choice and consent are present: Anything goes.

+

THE SPARK

- try.
- new.
- things.



Arakko,
formerly Mars.

Your
majesty! I
genuflect! I
humble myself! I lick
the very *dirt* at
your feet,
and--

Get up,
idiot.

Or I'll
stick a royal
thunderbolt up
your indigo
ass.

I have
missed you,
Ororo. Your duties
here on Arakko
Prime--

--Are *relentless*,
yes. The Arakkii have
a surprisingly *nuanced*
culture, but...it *was* forged
in war. Weekends
don't feature.

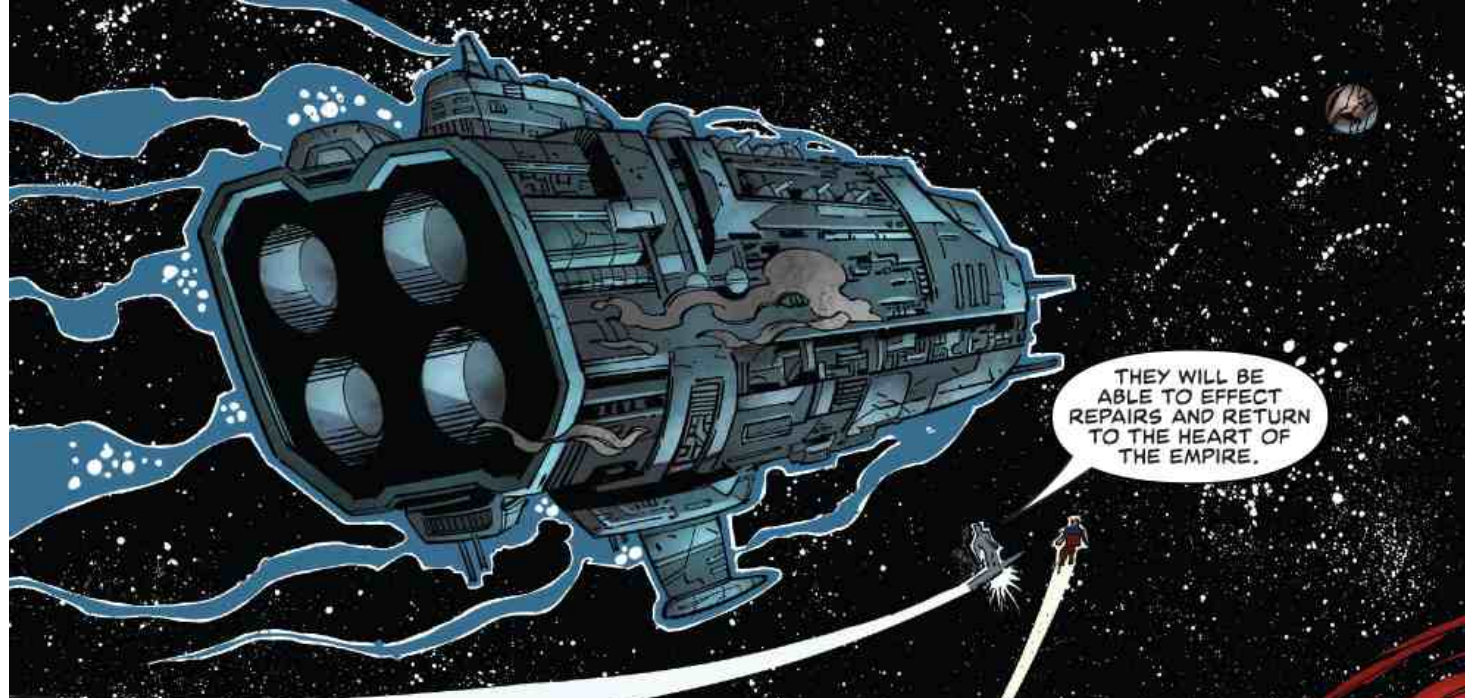
I'm sorry
to drag you out
here, Kurt. She insisted
it had to be *Krakoa's*
chief lawman.

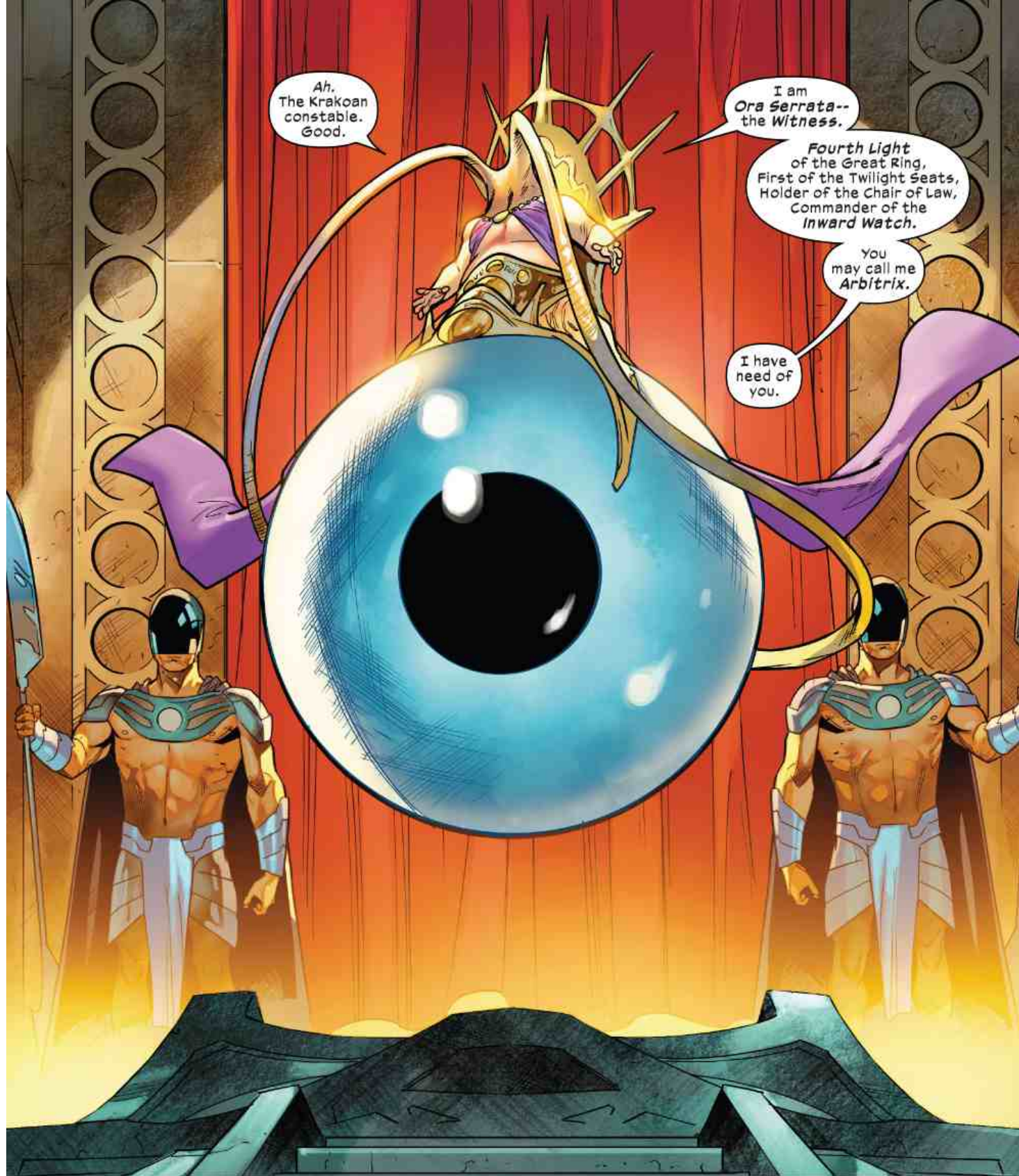
"She"?

Mm. I know
you object to your
Legionaries being
called "*police*"--and I did
try to explain your *Spark*
concept. It's hard to
know if she was
listening.

Storm--
who is
"*she*"?

Just
try not to
stare.







I HONESTLY DON'T THINK I WAS UP TO IT. IT WOULD'VE ENDED PRETTY BADLY. SO THANK YOU.

THIS IS THE SORT OF THING YOU DO? FLY AROUND AND SHOW UP IN THE NICK OF TIME?

IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE. I TRAVEL THE SPACEWAYS AND SEEK OUT WHERE I AM NEEDED.

I MAKE AMENDS FOR THE DEEDS IN MY PAST.



AND YOU, GENIS-VELL? WHAT PURPOSE DO YOU PURSUE?

JUST TRYING TO DO THE JOB, YOU KNOW? IT'S NOT LIKE I HAD ANYBODY TO SHOW ME THE ROPES...



...AND I HAVE SOME BIG NEGA-BANDS TO FILL. MY FATHER IS LEGENDARY.

I'M TRYING TO LIVE UP TO HIS LEGACY, AND I NEVER EVEN HAD THE CHANCE TO MEET HIM.



WHAT WAS
MY FATHER
LIKE?

SELFLESS. DISCIPLINED.
FEARLESS.

A MILITARY
MAN BLESSED
WITH COMPASSION.
A TRUE HERO
IN EVERY
MEASURE.

CONSIDER
A VISIT TO EARTH.
THAT WORLD CONTAINS
HEROES APLENTY,
MANY OF WHOM
KNEW YOUR
FATHER.

I WAS
MAROONED THERE
FOR A TIME, AFTER
I REJECTED MY SERVICE
TO GALACTUS AND
REBELLED AGAINST
MY FORMER
MASTER.

MY TIME ON
EARTH TAUGHT ME
MUCH OF HUMANITY,
AND OF SERVING
THE GREATER
GOOD.

WE'RE
LATE.

MAR-VELL?!

HOW ARE
YOU HERE?
HOW ARE YOU
ALIVE?!

I WAS
JUST WITH
YOUR SON!

ARE
YOU UNWELL,
SURFER? I
HAVE NO
SON.

TURN YOUR
ATTENTION TO
THE TASK AT
HAND...

Krakoia.
The Green Lagoon.

Say--you ever feel like you might as well not exist?

I mean--
seriously--I been trying to get a *Pisco Sour* for, like, an hour. Hello-o-o-o?! *Barman?*

It's depressing.

You... you talkin' to me?

Uh-huh. Hi. I'm *Xabi*. Folks call me *ForgetMeNot*.

Actually, what they mostly call me is "*hey, who are you?*" I'm like *teflon* for *memories*, don't get me started--

--but...you and me? We've actually been talking a while already.

What? I... I don't remember *that*. What's this about?



It's about *Lisa*, sir.

Your wife.

Ah, ~~***~~ it, I'll get my own.

See, the *cops* back in *Queens*, they got in touch.

They say there's this crazy *smoke mutant*, killed his old lady, trashed his neighborhood and fled to *Krakoia*. They've requested *extradition*.

Those...those *punks*, they had it *comin'*... They coulda put me *down* easy, but-- they just *ran*-- so...so I...



...THE
SKRULL WAR
MACHINE IS ON
THE MOVE.

WHERE...
ARE WE? WHAT
IS HAPPENING?



ELADIA,
ABOUT TO BE
CRUSHED UNDER
THE HEEL OF
A SKRULL
INVASION.

I WON'T
ALLOW ANOTHER
INNOCENT WORLD TO
SUFFER THE SAME
FATE AS SO MANY
BEFORE IT.



NOW ARE
YOU GOING TO
HELP ME? OR JUST
STAND THERE
GAPING?

Krr-Oom

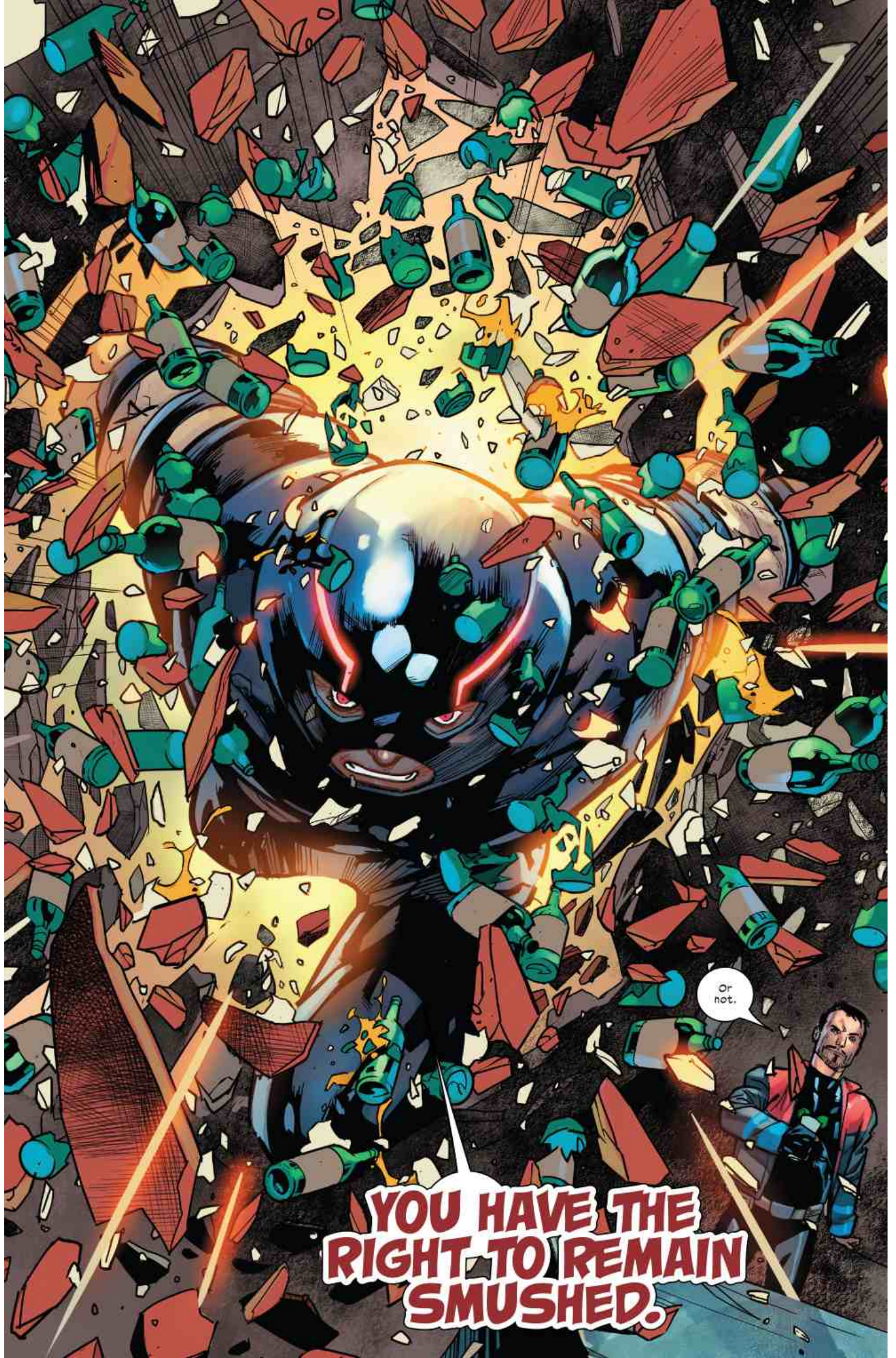


I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANY OF
THIS.

THE CAPTAIN
MARVEL I KNOW
PERISHED LONG
AGO. I SHOULD
NOT EVEN BE
HERE.







or
not.

**YOU HAVE THE
RIGHT TO REMAIN
SMUSHED.**





TAAAAAAKE
THAT!

Hey.
What
the--?

Big
guy,
huh?! ##%&
you!

All my life it's been big guys! "Outta the way, tiny." "That ain't the way to Mordor, Frodo."

And I took it--ohhhh, I took it-- on account 'a--m--my Lisa? She didn't like no confrontation. Happy wife, happy life!

HACKK HACKK HACKK!

Well
no more,
ya hear?



I am
done playin'
ni--

Yeah,
yeah. Sleep
it off.



Let's
hear it
for the little
guys, huh,
partner?

WHUMP

Huh?
Who the hell're
you?



Krakoa.
The Healing
Gardens.

It was
him, wasn't
it?

Oh god...
oh god...

I-it was
the #!%&@#
skinjacker.

Listen--
it's *Spike*, isn't
it? Try to calm
down. You're
safe now.

D-don't touch me! I--I don't
like bein' touched!

And don't gimme that
you're-safe-now #!%&!
H-how can you know
that? What if he
comes back?

Maybe just...tell us
what happened...?

Hhh.

Hhhh.

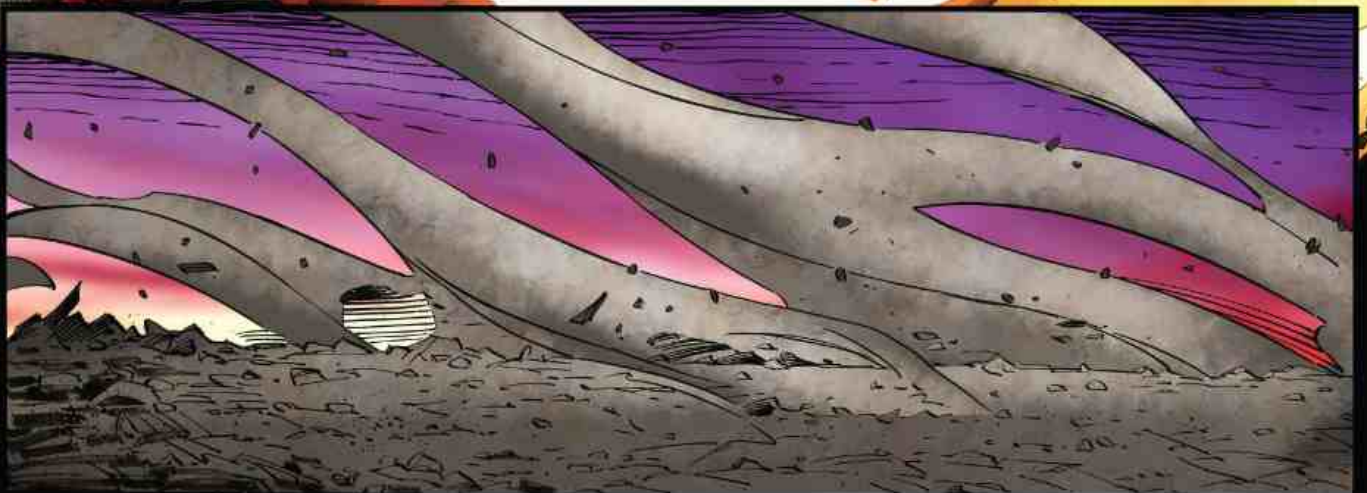
Okay.
Okay, I'll
try...

"I was--I was down at
the *High Dive* with
the guys, you know?

"There's this big *stone dude* there,
starin' out to sea all day...like, he
looks like *Rockslide* but no way is
it really him--

"--b-but when ya *paint* him
all different colors, he starts
laughin' and *dancin'*--makes
him so *happy*--s-so we go
maybe once a week.

"A-anyway, it's *my* turn,
a-and I'm reachin' up with
the *paint*--then...



"Blackness.

"I'm...I'm somewhere *cold*, a-and there's somethin' in there with me--like, *rustlin'* and *mumblin'*--o-o-only, I can't run away--I'm bound and blind--a-and the worst part is...

"I'm not in my own body no more.

"M-my *breathin's* different. My arms, they're real *tired*. A-and I can't use my *powers*. M-my beautiful *thorns*.

"A-and it just... God. It goes on forever."

And then s-suddenly I'm *back*. Only I'm not at the shore, a-and there're people *screaming*, a-and I'm all woozy, and...

And this.

Not a neat job.

What do you mean, Healer?

My guess? The *possessor* made him take *painkillers* before self-mutilating, but Spike's healing factor *metabolized* it too fast.

He was in agony. Made a mess. Dropped this.

Urgh. Thanks.

Wh-what's he been *doin'*, huh? Wh-who's he--who's he *talked* to? Wh-wh-who's been *touchin'* me?

We can try to plot your movements. If you'll come to the Station, we can--

No! N-no, you don't *understand*! He can get anyone, anytime!

If I help *you*, next time he makes me do somethin' awful to my friends! Or--or he walks me into an *Orchis lab*! Or--or--

He's *panicking*. I'll use some *dust*. We can take him to the Station when he's out.



ARE YOU WELL?

WELL ENOUGH.

DOES YOUR COSMIC AWARENESS NOT SENSE IT?



THAT WAS HIS DOING.



YOU...



YAAAGH!

FWOOM



MAR-VELL!

YOU LIVED AGAIN, ONLY TO BE SLAIN?



HE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE. HE WAS MERELY A SHADOW AMONG SHADOWS.

ARISE, NORRIN RADD...



...FOR
THANOS
OF
TITAN
HAS NEED OF YOU.



NEXT:
MAD
TITAN!



Satis Exotica yields--with honor. Quori the Roarer demands reparation of seven days' labor without grudge.

So witnessed by Weaponless Zsen, first of the Inward Watch.



Zsen--a schedule change. Call forth the sect we uncovered last week. And fetch the head of Uqesh.

Immediately, Arbitrix.

Now listen closely, Nightcrawler. Six hundred years ago, in the *eversiege of Amenth*, a wave of civil disorder crippled our unity.



"Those beset by *anarchy* cannot wage war. At such times, all Arakkii defer to the *Chair of Law*.

"My predecessor's strategy was *simple*. He summoned a legion of *gods*--such was his gift--to counsel and lead us.

"Preening, *squabbling* things that leeched our faith and gave us nothing. It was the greatest military disaster we ever suffered.

"Still. Even after I *usurped* him, I did not kill *Uqesh the Bridge*.

"He remained *useful*."



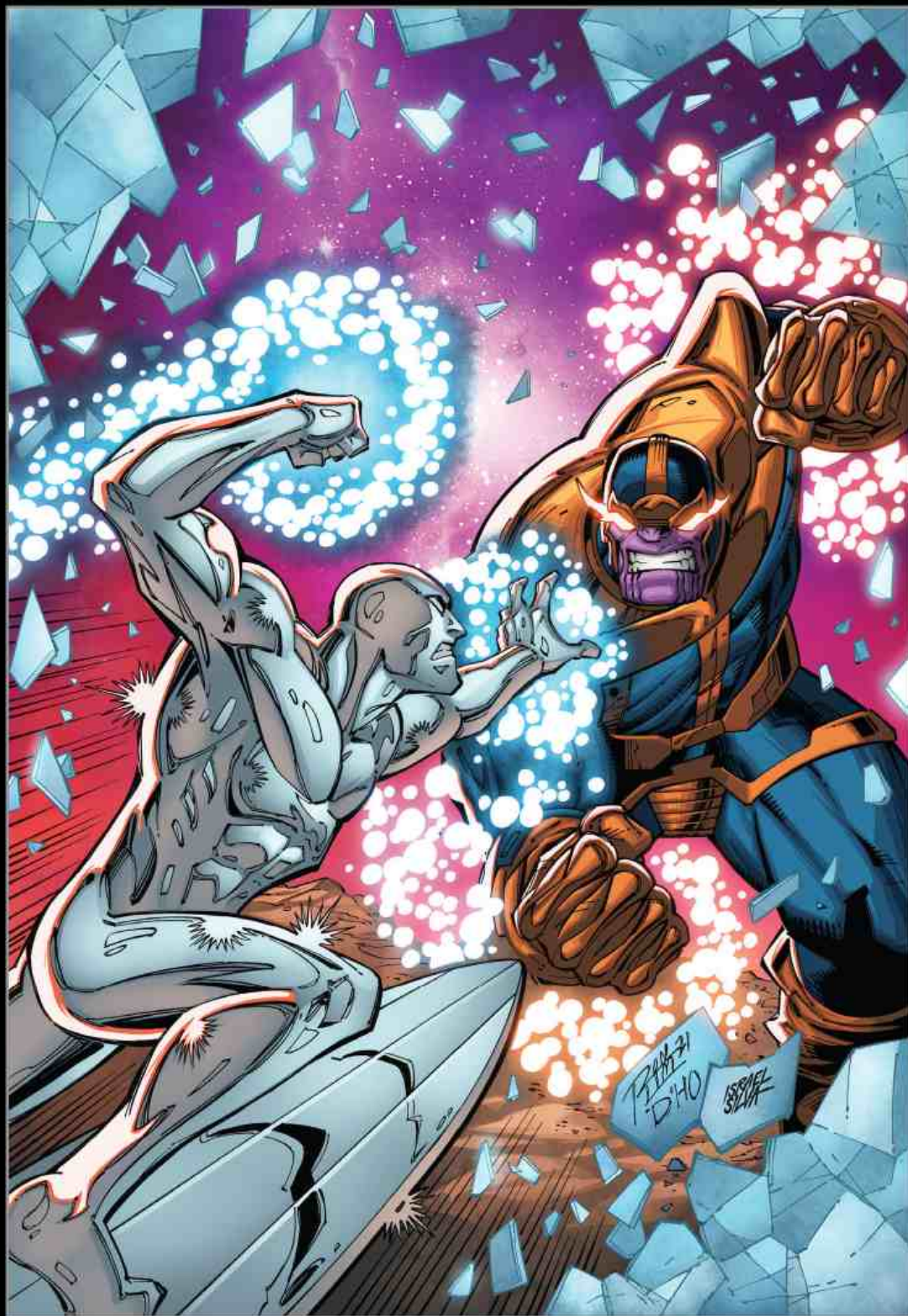
Please. Let me die... Let me die...

Attend! These mutants stand *accused of worship*! All Arakko yearns to gauge the *glory* of their patron. *Name it!*

NEXT ISSUE:

A MIGHTY MARVEL TEAM-UP?! NOT LIKELY...

SOMEONE HAS STOLEN THE REALITY GEM AND IS RESTRUCTURING THE UNIVERSE TO THEIR WHIMS...AND IT'S NOT THANOS! NOW, THE SILVER SURFER MUST DO THE UNTHINKABLE AND TEAM UP WITH HIS WORST FOE TO SAVE ALL OF EXISTENCE. IF ONLY THEY COULD JUST STOP TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER...



#1 COVER

RON LIM, DON HO & ISRAEL SILVA

#1 VARIANT COVERS

**GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & JESUS ABURTOV • CLAUDIO CASTELLINI & ROMULO FAJARDO JR. • JIM CHEUNG
DAN JURGENS, BRETT BREEDING & EDGAR DELGADO • ALEX MALEEV • PEACH MOMOKO**



Uh. Teshup the Thunderer! Slayer of the serpent Illuyanka! Lord of the Bull Host!

Show yourself, deity. You cannot resist the light of Uqesh.

N-NO--NO! IT IS NOT MY DIVINE WISH THAT I MANIFEST THIS DAY. SO... SO...

WOP

OH CRAP.

UM. KN-KNEEL, BRIEF MORTALS.

I rather think not.

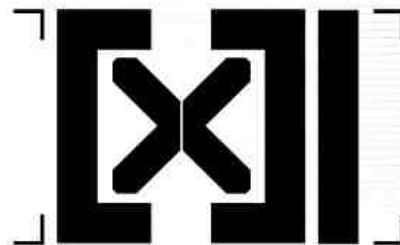
Expression of divinity is a challenge not to a person-- but to the people.



They shall answer it as one.

ATTAAAAACK!





THE GREAT RING OF ARAKKO

__SELECTED NOTES ON THE SEAT OF LAW

ORA SERRATA SITS IN THE SEAT OF LAW.

FOURTH LIGHT OF THE GREAT RING.

FIRST OF THE TWILIGHT SEAT.

ARBITRIX OF THE INWARD WATCH.

The Seat of Law preserves and sanctifies the primacy of the Rite of Challenge.

The Inward Watch are enforcers of Arakkii law. In practice, their duties are twofold:

1. To witness, regulate and record all Challenges.
2. To retrieve -- and, if necessary, destroy -- those those who flee a Challenge.



__UTTERANCE FROM THE SEAT OF HISTORY SO SPAKE XILO, OF THE YEARS -635 TO -633

rise of civil disorder / ++SEAT OF LAW invokes emergency powers of DEFERDOM++ / UQESH THE BRIDGE summons thirty gods of the Old World / assigns generalship of the legions against the hordes of Amenth / ++total defeat in the field++ / fall of Jade Bastion / loss of Vermillion and Thunderhead legions / approximately 8,000 veteran corpses unreclaimable / ineptitude of gods popularly blamed / civil resentment toward Deferdom of UQESH / riots ensue / ++challenge for SEAT OF LAW by ORA SERRATA THE WITNESS++ / Uqesh summarily defeated / UQESH YIELDS / Ora imposes sentence of dismemberment with life-sustainment / ++ORA SERRATA formalizes Conditional Provision popularly known as THE GODLAW++ / relinquishes Deferdom / standard Great Ring procedure resumes / everWar continues /

__CONDITIONAL PROVISION // "THE GODLAW"

++ BEINGS OF FAITH MUST PROVE THEIR WORTH ON DEMAND. ++

IF THEY WILL NOT COME, LET THE HEAD OF UQESH BRING THEM.
EXPRESSION OF DIVINITY IS A CHALLENGE TO THE PEOPLE.
LET THE PEOPLE ANSWER IT AS ONE.



Don't look so disgusted, Nightcrawler. This is *your* doing, after all.

You *Krakoans* dragged Arakko here. Do you have any idea how many sad, old *deities* came slinking out to seduce us?

We saved you from endless slavery!

You put a traumatized civilization in a pool of leeches.



We passed *centuries* without a single summoning ritual. This is the *tenth* one this month.

RARGH!

It's mostly gods of death or war--old habits die hard--but...there was *one*...



A god of *mischief*. We don't know its name. It caused chaos, then *fled* before we could summon it. An *insult* to our ways.

We believe it ran to *Krako*.



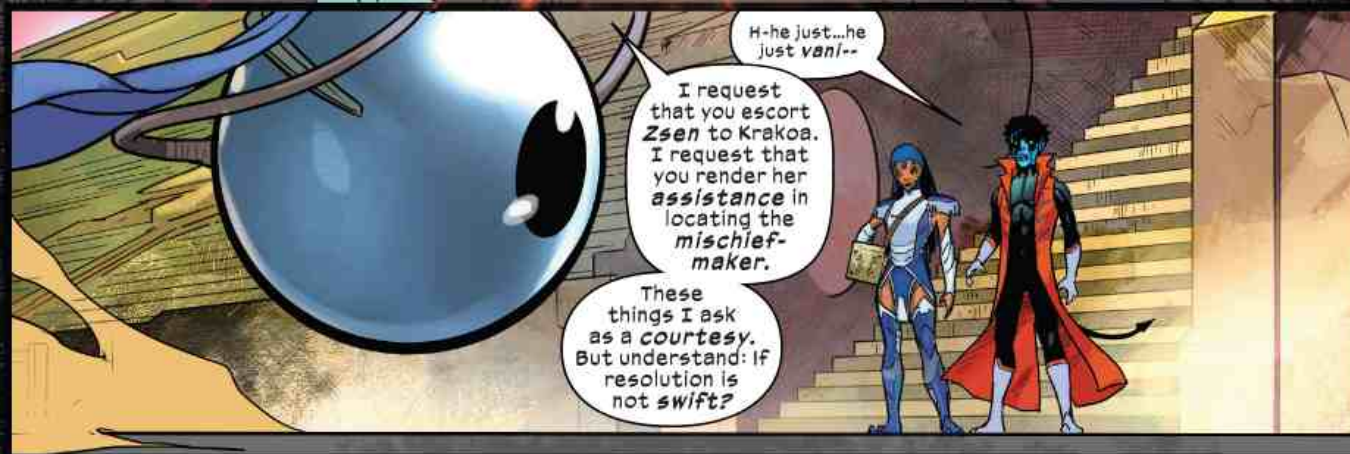
Ah. We come to it at last.

You want me to *help* you enforce this--this twisted *atheism*--and--

No. *Reductive.*

We do not *deny* gods. We are quite receptive to the idea, in our way.







Professor Xavier? This is Commander Brand on the Peak Station above Mars.

Abigail. I'm afraid I'm somewhat busy. Is it urgent?

That's for you to say, Chuck. You asked us to keep some sensors pointed at your kid, right?

Past six months, he's been up there, top of Olympus Mons. Weird energy signatures...but not a twitch.

Until now.



We tried to track the teleportation, but we lost h--

Ah. Thank you, Commander-- that's fine. I believe I know where he's gone.

Krakoa.
The Quiet Council.



David.

The Quiet Council's in session. It's not appropriate to burst in whenever y--

Och, don't mind me--just passin' through. Nice to see you though, Dad.

You're lookin' a wee bit tired, if you don't mind me sayin'.



David?

A'right there, Douglas? Listen, I was after a word with your special pal. It's about Blindfold.

She saw something.



Self is intrigued,
Self may befriend David.
What is it?

Warlock.

Ruth picked
up a--a *sensory*
engram. A memory.
Like a *beacon*,
burning in the
astral plane.

Here.
I'll show
you.



That's--
that's the
Magus, isn't it?
Emperor of the
Technarchy.

I'm sorry,
Warlock.

Your
father's
dead.

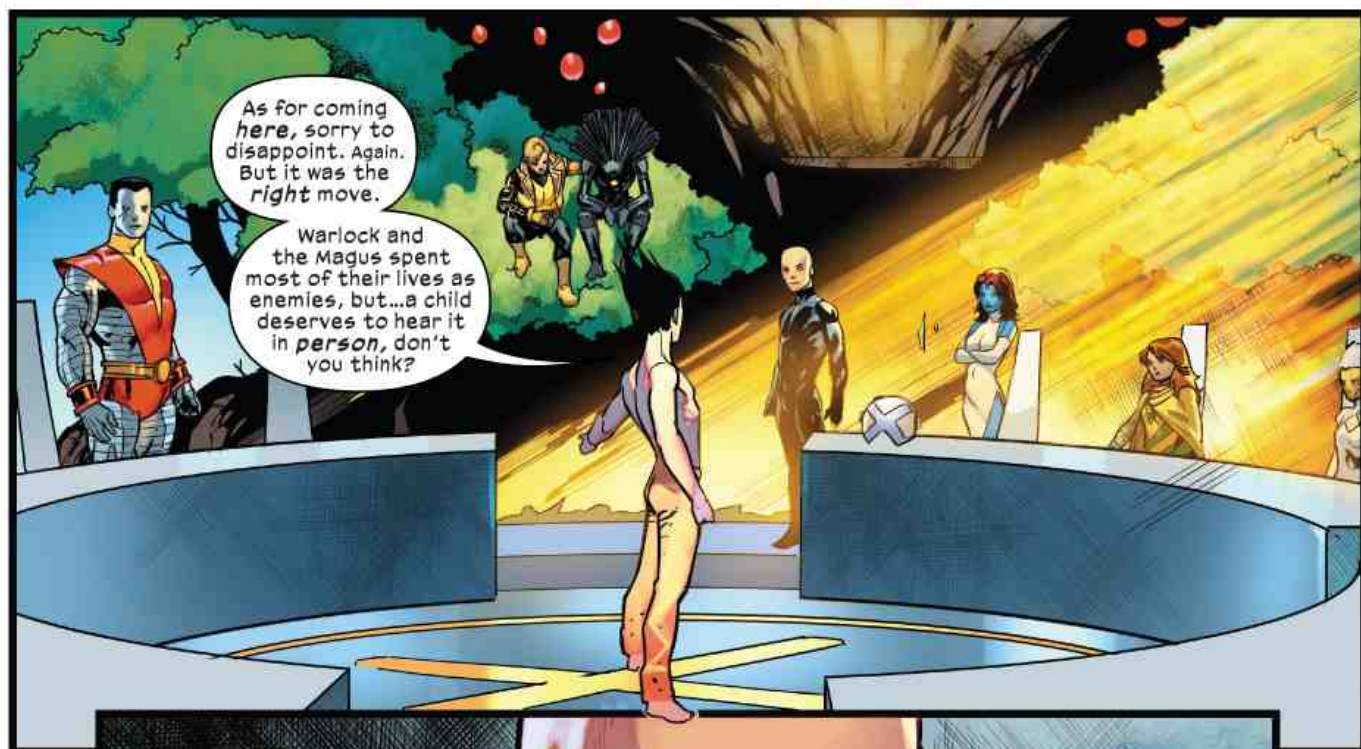


Nimrod.

Nimrod.

He, uh.
He *did* things. Y'know.
To the corpse. Took
things.

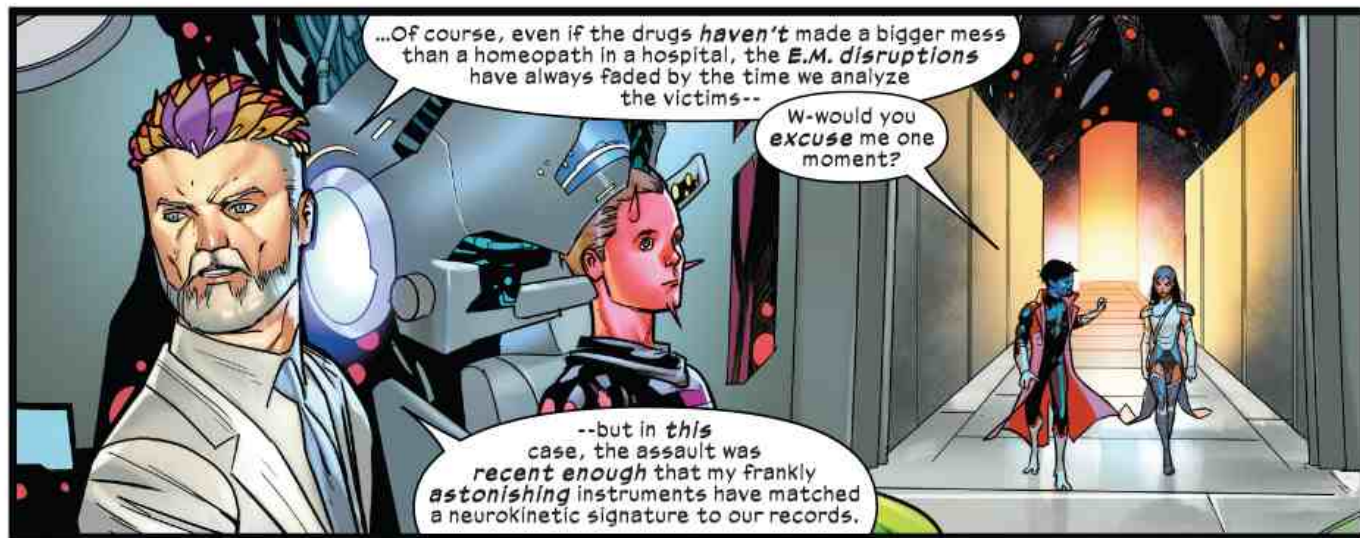
Honestly,
we had no idea a
synthetic intelligence
could even *have* a presence
in dreamspace, but--the
Magus' *terror* left
quite an *echo*.















"...and *anyone* can be better than they are."

I'm back, love. I *missed* you. Warlock took it pretty *well*--all things considered. What's new *here*?



Oh, the *usual*, yes. Beauty, life, dreams, nightmares. And... I've been *thinking*.

All your powers. All these people you've welcomed into your mind. Sorry. And--all *this*. Who truly knows what's out *there*?

Is it *safe*, David? Sh-shouldn't we build defenses, or--?

No.

I *know*, love. What you've been through...I know you'll always be on the lookout for the next *###G show*--and that's fine.

But...paranoia... assuming the worst. That's the road that turns *people* into *things*. That's *dad's* way.

We have built a house of mind and heart on the edge of the imagination. *All* must be welcome.



Well *said*, guv--well *said*.

'Ere, I'll just let *meself* in, shall I? Since everyone's *welcome*.

Who the hell're you?

Call me
Mother Righteous,
love.

Just an
'umble trader, me.
Nothin' too *exotic*.
Spells, spirits,
demons...

Gods.

Dreams
fulfilled, leadership
obtained, that
sorta thing.

What's
it to be, eh?
Ambitious young
thing like
you...

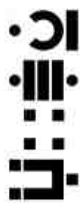


...you want
power or
glory?

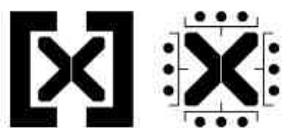


Next: Let Us Prey!

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NEXT



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[koa_0.0]...

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